THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 12, 1801.

EPISTLE FROM A BOAR'S-HEAD.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THOUGH I have never before preſented myſelf to your attention, in the ſhape of a correſpondent; and though, perhaps, you may have no *reliſh* for me in this part of my character; yet I may ſtill lay claim to your indulgence as an old acquaintance, whoſe face you have often ſeen at the hoſpitable board, and which has ſeldom, I truſt, appeared without contributing its due ſhare to the *entertainment* of the day. Though I will not venture to aſſert, that I owe ſo favourable a reception to thoſe flaſhes of merriment, which are wont to ſet the table in a roar; yet I may ſurely, without vanity, affirm, that I poſſeſs certain little engaging qualities, *ſprinkled* in my compoſition, which *ſeaſon* all my endeavours to pleaſe, and which ſeldom fail to procure me the approbation of thoſe who are moſt diſtinguiſhed for the acuteneſs of their *taſte*. How often have we ſeen the firſt characters in the circles of high *goût*, *ſwallowing* my good things with the greateſt avidity and delight, as the moſt favourite morſels in the enjoyments of the feaſt.

Your *mouth*, Sir, I believe, has frequently and openly teſtified the higheſt opinion of my merit, which I imagine chiefly to conſiſt in that peculiar *ſpice of ſalt*, ſo agreeably incorporated with the more *ſubſtantial* qualities of my nature. I am the prouder of this teſtimony, when I conſider it as coming from a gentleman who has gratified the public

taſte with ſuch numerous and genuine ſpecimens of that choice *ſalt* of the ancients, diſtinguiſhed by the name *attic*, which has ever been regarded by the moſt exquiſite palates as the prime ſauce in thoſe banquets "where no crude ſurfeit reigns." I ſhould be proud indeed, Sir, if you could *reliſh* me as much in the correſpondent, as you do in the companion: if the latter *ſalt* were as pungent in my pen, as the former is in my perſon.

Having recorded a few of my good qualities in furniſhing the enjoyments of the table, it will be neceſſary for me to take ſome notice of certain reproachful expreſſions, which repreſent me in a very different point of view, under a ſhape and character little ſimilar to the former. By ſome I have been charged with a property in my nature, which Horace has deſcribed in the well-known words "*naſo ſuſpendere adunco:*" Others ſay, that they have known me thruſt *my noſe* into affairs, where I had no buſineſs to interfere, and have ſeen me *briſtle* up among my beſt friends, without the ſlighteſt provocation for ſuch a conduct. Some will tell you, that in conſequence of this behaviour, I have received many a *kick* from the moſt notorious cowards; and thoſe who are determined to out with every thing, have not ſcrupled to affirm, that even my *noſe* has been publicly *rung* for it.

After you have heard all this, you will not wonder that I have been reproached in my time with being a *boar*, a *grubber*, a *ſqueaker*, and as obſtinate as a *pig*. In anſwer to theſe reproaches, I will candidly confeſs to you, that I had once in my life as many faults as my neighbours; and that formerly, perhaps, I indulged too much in thoſe ſallies of paſſion, which are ſometimes attended with very harſh and unpleaſant conſequences. I defy, however, the worſt of my enemies to charge me with any failings of this ſort at preſent; and I will honeſtly unfold to you, that I owe this total change in my diſpoſition rather to the *ſtroke* of fortune, than the diſcipline of philoſophy. The truth is, that I once found myſelf in a party who, as the event afterwards proved, were met for the expreſs purpoſe of *cutting me up*, and were determined, as the phraſe is, to ſee the *end of me*. You may imagine, Sir, that I did not tamely ſubmit to ſuch unworthy treatment, at leaſt without *kicking* againſt it, and *crying out loudly* in the face of my enemies, on ſo cruel and barbarous a buſineſs. But, alas! reſiſtance was in vain. In the courſe of this unfortunate buſineſs, I received ſo home a *thruſt* from an *overbearing*, *bloody* fellow of the party,

party, that I am tame as a bully after a beating, and as mute as a politician after the Convention Bill. In ſhort, Sir, if I do not flatter myſelf, I am now completely *cured;* and though perhaps I may bear about me ſome pretty ſtrong marks of the *pickle*, and even ſtill venture to *ſhew my teeth*, a coward may cut at me from morning till night, without the ſmalleſt danger of my *biting* at him again.

Having unfolded, without reſerve, theſe peculiarities in my compoſition, you will, perhaps, feel ſome curioſity to be informed what part I have adopted in the great queſtion of politics, which in theſe days is become rather a practical than a ſpeculative topic. It will appear ſomewhat wonderful that belonging, as I do, to the *capital* branch of a very ancient and *long-headed* race, which has always made ſome *noiſe* in the world, and contrived, under every party, ſomehow or other, to *puſh* their way; it will appear wonderful, I ſay, that not one of our generation was ever known to take any ſhare in political affairs, though, at the ſame time, we have always managed to be well received at the *tables* of every faction, whigs and tories, ariſtocrats and democrats, miniſtry and minority.

Having never diſſipated our time in the contentions of public life, it may be naturally, perhaps, expected, that our private hours have been dedicated to the purſuits of literature and the improvement of ſcience. Of our progreſs in theſe employments I will not venture to boaſt. My vanity, however, cannot help reminding you, that one of our race was lately honoured, by univerſal ſuffrage, with the title of *learned*; and, if I am rightly informed, there actually exiſts, at this moment, a celebrated ſeminary, not a hundred miles diſtant from the place where I am now writing, which is appropriated ſolely to our kindred; and which has ever been ſupplied with a venerable ſucceſſion of metaphyſicians, logicians, and mathematicians. I have thought it neceſſary to detail this brief account of my nature and properties, that I might not be charged with *thruſting my head* into your houſe without ſome information of its contents; and that you might not ſay you received me like a *pig in a poke*.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient ſervant to command,

THE BOAR's-HEAD.

Cambridge,

Anecdote relative to the Victory of Camperdown.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

IN a late German publication I met with the following anecdote, intended to illuſtrate the character of a Daniſh officer; but which, I obſerved, with ſome degree of national pride, reflected ſtill greater honour on the gallantry of a countryman of our own. As I do not recollect to have ſeen any mention of the circumſtance in other accounts of the victory of Camperdown, I have tranſlated it, and offer it for inſertion; requeſting at the ſame time, that any of your readers who may be acquainted with the details of the action, will oblige me, through the medium of your uſeful Entertainer, with the name of the officer, whoſe courage and generoſity exerted in favour of enemies, certainly entitle him to a diſtinguiſhed place even among thoſe of his own profeſſion, to whom the preſent war has afforded ſo many glorious occaſions of diſtinguiſhing themſelves.

A Lieutenant in the Daniſh navy, named Heiberg, entered into the Dutch ſervice in 1793, and in the engagement with the Engliſh fleet on the 11th of October, 1797, he was Firſt Lieutenant of the Delft, which, ſurrounded by three Engliſh ſhips, maintained with them the moſt obſtinate conflict during an hour and a quarter, but was at laſt obliged to ſtrike. When the Engliſh officer came on board to take poſſeſſion of the ſhip, he found her much damaged, having many ſhot through her hull and rigging, and her main-maſt and yard ſhot away; two officers and forty-one of her men killed, and one officer and ſeventy-five men wounded. He ſent the Captain with two officers and ninety men, on board his own ſhip, the Ruſſel, and requeſted Mr. Heiberg, who was not wounded, to aſſiſt him, with the men under his command, in preventing the ſhip from ſinking; in which they ſucceeded till the 14th of the ſame month, when a ſtorm came on, and put the veſſel in a very dangerous ſituation: ſhe filled ten feet with water, ſo that all hope of ſaving her was ſoon at an end.

The Engliſh officer repreſented this to Mr. Heiberg, telling him that at a certain ſignal he ſhould throw himſelf with his men into the long boat, and invited him to avail himſelf of the opportunity of effecting his eſcape. "But how can I leave theſe unfortunate men?" replied he, pointing to the wounded ſailors, whom it had been neceſſary to bring upon

upon deck, as the hold was already full of water. The Engliſh officer, ſtruck with this anſwer, " God bleſs you, my brave fellow," cried he, " here is my hand : I give you my word, I will ſtay here with you."

He then cauſed his own men to leave the ſhip, and remained behind himſelf to aſſiſt the Dutch. The Ruſſel ſoon ſent out her boats to their ſuccour, and brought off as many as could leap on board them, and loſt no time in making a ſecond voyage with equal ſucceſs ; but few of the wounded could be got off, though the two officers had united their efforts for that purpoſe, and ſtill remained with them in the veſſel, with three ſubaltern officers and about thirty ſeamen ; they were ſtill cheriſhing the hope that the boats would a third time come to their relief ; but the fatal moment was now arrived, and on a ſudden the Delft went down. The Engliſh officer ſprang into the ſea and ſwam to his own ſhip ; the unfortunate Heiberg periſhed the victim of his courage and humanity.

L. E.

Extract from Conſtantia Neville ; or the Weſt Indian. A Novel, by Mrs. Wells.

(Continued from Page 10.)

IN detailing the ſufferings of a victim of principle, how does the heart ſicken to be compelled to paint from the life, the Bellmours' and Montagus' of the world, triumphantly feeding on the ſpoils of the upright noble-minded Nevilles, denying themſelves every gratification, from a fear of infringing on the rights of others. The hope of immortality, and the peace which dwells within, ſmooth the rugged road of the one, while under the roſes which ſtrew the path of the other, lurks a thorn, whoſe wounds are paſt remedying. In the hour of calm reflection, who would not rather wiſh to be Neville, brought to an early grave by ingratitude and treachery, than either of thoſe whoſe extravagance cauſed them to involve in ruin, the man, without whoſe countenance and protection, they had never been known ?

Could Conſtantia reaſon thus ? Who but the cold ſceptic, that affects to deſpiſe the conſolations of religion, would aſk ſuch a queſtion ?

To view paralyſed the hand that was wont to yield the preſſure of affection ; the eye rolling in vacancy that ever beamed

beamed with intelligence, and the voice mute, to which we have liſtened with rapture; theſe are trials that appal the ſtouteſt heart. What effect muſt they have on the fervid imagination of youth? Conſtantia was herſelf in the gloom of a ſick chamber; with every fibre on the rack, ſhe was able to adminiſter the laſt ſad offices to a dying parent, to catch the parting ſigh, and to contemplate the ſmile that irradiated the countenance in death. Bluſh ye that dread to watch the expiring lamp of life, that quit with indecent haſte the ſpot where lie the remains of thoſe whom, when living ye affected to honour; bluſh, I ſay, at the ſuperior fortitude of one, who, though young in years, was old enough in habits of reflection to feel the propriety of continuing under the ſame roof with the remains of her much loved parent, till all that was mortal of him was conſigned to its native earth.

When this ſaid hour was paſt, when mental or bodily exertion could benefit no perſon but herſelf, then did the ſtrength fail. Nature is only capable of making certain efforts, and the more the mind ſtrives for maſtery over the body, the greater ſhock does the animal ſyſtem ſuſtain when the conflict is over.

The principal clerk of Mr. Neville was moſt devotedly attached to the intereſts of his maſter's family. His wife, a reſpectable woman, had, at his deſire, taken up her reſidence in Bloomſbury Square, on the firſt ſurmiſe of Mr. Neville's life being in danger. She continued her attentions to the daughter, who through her kindneſs, aided by ſkilful medical advice, was ſoon pronounced to be in a convaleſcent ſtate. The habitation of Somers, though humble, was by no means devoid of thoſe accommodations which the Engliſh with peculiar emphaſis denominate *comforts*. It was in the ſkirts of the town, and change of air being preſcribed for Miſs Neville, ſhe propoſed to Mrs. Somers to become her boarder, till letters from her mother ſhould direct her how to diſpoſe of herſelf. Abſorbed by the poignancy of her ſorrow, and the magnitude of her loſs, ſhe was wholly indifferent to outward objects; the innocent endearments of the children of the worthy couple, under whoſe roof ſhe now was, awakened feelings that contributed more to reconcile her to life than volumes of any other book but that of nature could have done. *The lady*, from her kindneſs and condeſcenſion, ſoon became as attractive to the young folks, as from her mournful garb ſhe had at firſt ſight been repulſive.

Could ſhort ſighted mortals pry into the events of futurity, it is not improbable that Mrs. Neville, on her daughter's

account, would have ſought to keep up that kind of correſpondence with her ſiſter Mrs. Williamſon, as would on this emergency have enſured to her an aſylum in her houſe. The modes of education and habits of living of the two ſiſters have been already declared to be wholly oppoſite. In leſs than a year after the arrival of the Neville family in England, the reverend Doctor and his lady made an excurſion to the metropolis, the former to thank the Lord Chancellor for preferment, perhaps to purchaſe books; the latter, to pay viſits and hear the news. When the joy at ſeeing her ſiſter after ſo long a ſeparation ſubſided, ſhe expreſſed her ſurprize at her niece not being ſent to ſchool; adding, that ſhe was not in the leaſt like her nephew Montagu, who had an eaſe of manners and addreſs about him, which would never have been acquired, had he ſat *mopiſh* by his father's fire-ſide all day, which he preſumed Miſs Conſtantia was allowed to do. The ſparkling eye and roſy tint on her cheek, as well as firm ſtep when ſhe walked, would have given the lie to ſuch an accuſation, if thoſe who made it had not been wilfully blind. To purſue the converſation no farther (though it was renewed every time the ſiſters met) their ſentiments reſpecting the diſpoſal of the fair exotic, were ſo diſcordant, that an irremediable breach was the conſequence, and when, on the death of the Doctor, of which the only notice received was by the public papers, Mrs: Neville felt diſpoſed to offer conſolation, ſhe was withheld from doing ſo, leſt her ſiſter ſhould impute to intereſted motives her wiſhing at that ſeaſon to renew the connection.

The death happening at the moment that remittances from both Montagu and Belmour failed, when a change in the ſtyle of living took place, and declared to all buſy enquirers, that Mr. Neville's affairs were not in the moſt proſperous ſtate. The voyage to the Weſt Indies being entered upon almoſt as ſoon as ſuggeſted, the anxious mother had neither recollection nor leiſure for writing to a ſiſter of whom ſhe had not heard, except through report, for ſo many years.

Thus was Conſtantia left without a probability of receiving attention from any perſon but Mrs. Rochford, who failed not on this occaſion to pay her tribute of condolence, while ſhe reiterated her offers of friendſhip, cloſing her letter with a promiſe of returning to London as ſoon as Mr. Rochford's engagements would permit, when ſhe truſted her friend would make her houſe a home, nor think of ſeparating till the arrival of her mother or brother ſhould require her preſence elſewhere. Much as it gratified Conſtantia to receive ſuch proofs

of

of attachment from her oldeſt female acquaintance in England, it would have accorded better with her preſent frame of mind to have declined entering into ſo gay a circle. Somers endeavoured to ſhew her the propriety of accepting Mrs. Rochford's invitation; he grieved to ſee his revered maſter's daughter veiled in obſcurity, yet he wiſhed to let the houſe for the winter, that ſhe had lately occupied, as by that means he would be furniſhed with ready-money to ſupply her neceſſities, and defray incidental expences, without touching on bills remitted from correſpondents, which could immediately be appropriated to the diſcharge of debts already incurred. Little ſenſible of the value of money, Conſtantia had, however, too juſt a mode of thinking and judging, not to feel the full force of ſuch arguments. The interval ſhe paſt in endeavouring to fortify her mind for whatever of adverſe fortune might yet be her portion; well aware that in Mrs. Rochford's circle of acquaintance, as well as her own, ſhe would now be conſidered in a ſtate of dependence, ſhe determined to become callous to the ſneers of the meanly proud, to be ſilent where her ſentiments, if expreſſed, could not be in uniſon with thoſe of the people ſhe aſſociated with, and to keep a ſtrict guard on herſelf, in delivering, even to Mr. and Mrs. Rochford, her opinion of the various perſons who might frequent their houſe.

Little did Mr. Neville imagine that when cultivating the faculties and refining the taſte of his daughter, he ought rather to have been engaging profeſſors to teach her thoſe accompliſhments that may be deemed mechanical, and that the ſtudies which in the firſt part of her life conſtituted her chief happineſs, could not afterwards be purſued for fear of giving offence, by an appearance of arrogating to herſelf a ſuperiority of which ſhe never thought. To excel in the arts of pleaſing when no longer a favourite of fortune, the heart requires to be caſed in adamant, the tongue to be chained except for the purpoſes of flattery, and a ready acquieſcence to the ſentiments of ſuperiors, while the hands and eyes muſt be perpetually employed in their ſervice, or in adminiſtering to their amuſement. If any of the affluent of my own ſex, guilty of impoſing this mental ſlavery on the humble dependant, ſhould condeſcend to read theſe pages, let me adviſe them to conſider well the probable conſequences of ſuch tyranny. Through their harſh treatment ſhould the hunted doe break the pales that ſeparate her from the vicious, how dreadful will be their reflections when the hour cometh which

awaiteth all living, and to ward off which, even for a day, no expedient can be deviſed.

Until the chief glory of women conſiſts in protecting and ſupporting each other in what is laudable, ſo long may we deſpair of a reformation in morals. The delicately brought up unportioned young female, is truly an object of commiſeration; moſt fervently does the writer who now wields the pen, dedicate her feeble powers to their cauſe, while at this epoch, the eve of the commencement of the nineteenth century, ſhe hopes, though amid the tumults of war, and the jarring of parties, to awaken Britiſh humanity (to which the unfortunate never yet appealed in vain) in behalf of her ſuffering ſiſters. To prevent the growth of immorality at home (which if not checked, muſt in time ſpread devaſtation over the land); to open an aſylum for induſtrious poverty under a fragile form, who hopes to receive protection and ſupport, till ſhe is ſo habituated to labour, as to procure by her own exertions a maintenance, will ſurely be an employment as befitting the character of Chriſtian legiſlators, as any which have yet engroſſed their attention, not excepting the humane efforts of thoſe, whoſe pious deſire it is that ſlavery may be baniſhed from the face of the earth. When Catholic inſtitutions of this nature are permitted to take root, and to flouriſh, in a country to whoſe intereſts they muſt, from the very nature of things, be hoſtile, it ſurely behoves all who venerate the eſtabliſhed religion, to endeavour to counteract the pernicious effects of ſuch eſtabliſhments, by affording to the virtuouſly diſpoſed children of affliction, that ſhelter which they offer; in return for which great benefit they will not be required to immolate at the ſhrine of falſe devotion, thoſe feelings and affections wiſely implanted in our boſoms by the Author of Nature; the attempt to eradicate which, tends to deſtroy the links by which the human race may be conſidered as one great family!

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

For December, 1800.

GERMANY.

HOSTILITIES have recommenced in this country, in a manner which portends the moſt fatal reſults to the Houſe of Auſtria. The armiſtice having been formally terminated according to compact, ſeveral ſlight and unimpor-

tant encounters took place between diviſions of the Auſtrian and French armies. At length, on the 1ſt of December, the Imperialiſts, under the command of the Archduke John, attacked the enemy, advantageouſly poſted on a riſing ground, and after an obſtinate fight of ten hours duration, remained complete maſters of the field.

On the 3d, however, the Auſtrians were, in their turn, attacked, and completely routed, with the loſs, according to the yet uncontradicted ſtatement of the enemy, of eighty pieces of cannon, two hundred ammunition waggons, and ten thouſand priſoners, among whom are three Generals. The remains of the army are retreating with precipitation, and the country they evacuate will be, like the reſt, a prey to Gallic extortion. It is of little importance, in the preſent ſtate of affairs, to inveſtigate thoſe circumſtances, which are ſuggeſted by conjecture, as cauſes of this diſaſter; the evil appears irreparable, and the Emperor muſt, in all probability, at length, conſent to receive terms dictated by the haughty victor. Already, it is ſaid, he has ſolicited from the Britiſh Cabinet, a releaſe from engagements which he cannot, without ruin, adhere to, and if ſo it is extremely probable conſent will not be withheld.

PRUSSIA.

The King, purſuing the ſelfiſh and diſgraceful policy which has actuated his Councils ſince the concluſion of peace with the regicide republic, now takes advantage of the depreſſed condition of the head of the empire, to advance pretenſions hitherto unknown, to erect a rivalſhip between his power in Germany and that of the Emperor; to eſtabliſh a new-fangled diviſion of the north and ſouth of Germany; and, by ſtanding forward the affected defender of the rights of one diviſion, aims at forming a ſeparate dominion which cannot be eſtabliſhed without much intrigue, many wars, and the frequent intervention of French gold and French arms.

In the ſame ſpirit, the King of Pruſſia, aſſuming the right of protecting the neutrality of Hamburg, has marched an army to Cuxhaven; and the proceeding is not regarded without jealouſy and apprehenſion: little doubt is entertained that the poſſeſſion of Hamburgh by force is the intent of this movement, although his troops have as yet behaved in the moſt orderly and regular manner, and even conciliated the inhabitants by the propriety of their demeanour, and the punctuality of their payments.

Pruſſia

Pruſſia is alſo ſaid to be a contracting party in that northern confederacy, on the baſis of which the Emperor of Ruſſia has committed a moſt flagrant and inſolent aggreſſion againſt Great Britain.

RUSSIA.

In the month of November, an embargo was unexpectedly laid on all the Britiſh ſhipping in Ruſſian ports: the crews were taken out of the ſhips, treated not as priſoners of war, but as criminals, put under the conduct of the military, and marched in ſmall companies two hundred miles up the country. At Narva, a few veſſels had the good fortune to eſcape, which, it is ſaid, ſo enraged the tyrant, that he ordered thoſe remaining to be burned.

In vindication of this atrocious violence, Paul has publiſhed the following manifeſto, or order: "Whereas we have learned that the iſland of Malta, lately in the poſſeſſion of the French, has been ſurrendered to the Engliſh troops; but as it is as yet uncertain whether the agreement entered into on the 30th of December, 1798, will be fulfilled, according to which this iſland, after its capture, is to be reſtored to the Order of St. John of Jeruſalem, of which his Majeſty the Emperor of all the Ruſſias is Grand Maſter, his Imperial Majeſty, being determined to defend his rights, has been pleaſed to command that an embargo ſhall be laid on all Engliſh ſhips in the ports of his empire till the abovementioned convention ſhall be fulfilled."

On this abſurd paper, it is hardly neceſſary to offer a comment. It is obſerved that the Emperor Paul was not only never regularly elected Grand Maſter of the Order of Malta, but could not have been elected, had he even come forward as a candidate for the office; ſince it was abſolutely indiſpenſable, according to the rules of the Order, that the Grand Maſter ſhould have been one of the Knights for a conſiderable number of years, that he ſhould profeſs the Roman Catholic religion, exerciſe perpetual hoſtilities againſt the Turks, and live in a ſtate of celibacy and chaſtity. In all theſe neceſſary reſpects Paul is totally diſqualified from being admitted into the meaneſt and moſt ſervile ſituation of the Order of Malta; the motives of his unjuſt and infamous aggreſſion muſt therefore be ſought for in another ſource, and that moſt generally believed, is a confederacy againſt the naval power of Great-Britain, inſtigated by France, guaranteed by Pruſſia, and formed in conjunction with the other northern powers.

SWEDEN.

The Swedes are alſo a party in the northern confederacy, and lend aſſiſtance to the intrigues of France, and the violences of Paul. Her hoſtile diſpoſition towards England is ſhewn by a letter to the Pruſſian government, in anſwer to a remonſtrance of Spain, relative to a late tranſaction at Barcelona; wherein, after recapitulating the many violations of neutrality to which his ſhips have been expoſed during the war, the Swediſh King reſerves to himſelf the privilege of demanding reparation for the injuries done to his ſubjects or his flag, "at ſuch opportunity, and by ſuch means, as his particular ſituation may afford:" he proceeds to ſtate that he conſiders the conduct of the Engliſh extremely illegal.

DENMARK.

This power is alſo repreſented as actively engaged in the ſame cauſe, and, at a convenient period, their joint manifeſto may be expected.

FRANCE.

The intrigues and military ſucceſſes of this country have placed her in a very different poſition from that in which ſhe was viewed at the beginning of the year; yet the ſtate of France ought to be contemplated with ſteadineſs, and no ſcope afforded to childiſh wonder or daſtardly diſmay.—France has been aptly compared to a ſpirited gameſter, playing for an important ſtake, and puſhing an extraordinary ſucceſs to its utmoſt bounds: yet we know how ſmall a reverſe will level the proud hopes of the gameſter with the duſt, how readily the ſmiling attendants of his proſperity deſert or deride him in the moment of misfortune, how few friends are attached by the violence and rapacity of his character, and how many ſeemingly adherents joyfully embrace the firſt occaſion of reproach and injury. In this view the affairs of France may be regarded with propriety: the analogy with the ſucceſsful gambler is complete, and the government is marked with all the violence, all the fury, all the vain-glorious exultation, all the profligacy and diſregard of juſtice, truth, and economy, which ſtigmatiſe the other character.

If France can ſucceed in impoſing terms of peace on Auſtria, it will then remain to be ſeen whether, at war with England, her commerce can be ſo far reſtored as to permit the formation of a regular ſyſtem of finance. To this experiment undoubtedly tend the late intrigues of the government

ment for the purpoſe of impeding the commerce of England, and checking her maritime operations. The revenue of France, as derived from commerce, is ſtated, including the duties from Antwerp, to be 13,800,000 livres, of which 8,700,000 are ſpent in collection and management. We always wiſh to be underſtood that this deficiency of revenue will not affect the power of France to proſecute a land war; but in naval exertion, and in time of peace, it muſt be ſenſibly felt: the blaze of victory once removed, and the urgency of inſtant preparation no longer operating, the languor of exceſſive exertion muſt enſue, government muſt reſort to extreme means, the power ſo ſuddenly and wonderfully acquired will as ſuddenly moulder away, and France "no more ſhall fright the world with impious thunder."

EGYPT

Is again brought forward to dazzle the eyes and allure the hopes of the French nation; Menou writes, or very probably, Barrere writes for him, that the colony in Egypt is flouriſhing and happy, beloved by the natives, and revelling in luxuries: are theſe accounts to be refuted by the interception of another packet? or are they to be underſtood merely as the counterpart of thoſe fictions which repreſented Genoa and Malta as well victualled for a long ſiege, when, in fact, they were on the eve of ſurrendering through famine?

SPAIN,

Alarmed at the Britiſh preparations for the defence of Portugal, has ſolicited a renewal of the former amity between the two kingdoms. Spain is, at this time, ſeverely viſited by the plague; the number of victims out of a population of 279,000 perſons, from the month of Auguſt to November, is ſtated at 79,500.

EAST-INDIES.

Recent communications from the Preſidency of Bombay, received overland, ſtate, that the Jeypoor Rajah ſtill maintained a very hoſtile poſition. He had entered the province of Aghmere with a numerous army, carrying the black flag, and an immenſe train of artillery. In the month of April laſt, his Highneſs the Peſhwa ordered the principal part of his army to ſtop the progreſs of the Rajah, and give him battle, aſſiſted at the ſame time with ſeveral battalions, under the command of Major Palman, who was directed to cooperate with the Mahratta army. The action took place at

day-

day-break, on the 14th of April, upon the plains, a little diſtance from Jeypoor, which ended in a very complete and decided victory on the part of the Mahrattas. The Rajah was preſſed ſo cloſely in his retreat, that all his artillery fell into the hands of the conquerors, together with the principal part of his baggage and camp-equipage, Great rejoicings have taken place at Poonah in conſequence of this victory.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

The unwarranted aggreſſion of Ruſſia has been met with proper ſpirit, both by the miniſtry and the people. On receipt of the intelligence a meeting of the merchants engaged in the Ruſſian trade was held; the meaſure of withholding payment of the bills already accepted was diſcuſſed, but, in the honourable ſpirit of Britiſh commerce, rejected: it was reſolved, however, not to honour any more bills till compenſation was made for the injury ſuſtained. Orders are ſaid to have been iſſued for the capture of all Ruſſian veſſels; and whenever the hoſtile intentions of the northern conſpiracy ſhall be manifeſted in further acts, although Great-Britain may be a temporary ſufferer, there is no room to doubt that each of the confederates will rue, in the utmoſt deſpondency, the fatal deluſion which led to a conteſt with a power on whoſe mercantile connection their proſperity depends, and which, in a ſhort period of hoſtility, can annihilate the navy of the opponents; and by the capture of the Weſt-India iſlands, and abolition of the Sound duties, deprive Denmark of her beſt ſources of revenue. Miniſters, it is ſaid, have diſpatched a meſſenger to Berlin, to remonſtrate through the Ruſſian Miniſter there; and on the reception of his complaints the queſtion of peace or war will probably depend.

A variety of meaſures have been adopted by Parliament for the relief of the public during the preſent enormouſly high price of proviſions, of which it is at preſent difficult to appreciate the effects. We hope the period is not far diſtant when the neceſſaries of life will again be afforded at a reaſonable rate.

Curious Circumſtance reſpecting the Submerſion of Swallows.

THE following curious and apparently well authenticated circumſtance is related in the American Magazine, in a letter from H. Pollock, of New York:

" On the afternoon of the 24th of Auguſt, 1798, I was ſitting in my parlour which looks towards the North River, about fifty feet from the bank, in company with our mutual friend Mr. Jacob Sebor. Our attention was attracted by numerous flights of birds, which appeared to come acroſs the town from the eaſtward, and deſcend immediately into the river. So ſingular an appearance excited our particular obſervation. We went out and ſtood cloſe to the bank, and then perceived that what we at firſt imagined to be blackbirds, were actually ſwallows; and that, as ſoon as the various flocks had cleared the houſes, and got directly over the river, they plunged into the water, and diſappeared. This was not confined to the vicinity of the place where we ſtood, but was the caſe as far as the eye could reach, up and down the river, and continued without ceſſation for nearly two hours, when the cloſing of the evening prevented our further obſervation.

" Aware of the importance of affording any additional information on this long-diſputed queſtion in the natural hiſtory of the ſwallow, I procured a teleſcope, and watched attentively many of the flocks from their firſt appearance until their immerſion, continuing my eye fixed upon the ſpot long enough to be fully convinced that not one of the birds returned to the ſurface again. Indeed, one flock of about two hundred birds plunged into the water within thirty yards of us, and inſtantly diſappeared, without the leaſt appearance of oppoſition that might be expected to ariſe from their natural buoyancy, and, at the ſame time, the evening was ſo ſerene, and the river ſo unruffled, that no deception of our ſight could poſſibly have occurred.

" When the birds firſt came in view, after croſſing the town, their flight was eaſy and natural; but when they deſcended near to the water, they appeared much agitated and diſtreſſed, flying in a confuſed manner againſt each other, as if the love of life, common to all animals, impelled them to revolt againſt this law of nature impoſed upon their ſpecies.

" As ſome time has elapſed ſince the above-mentioned facts occurred, I thought it proper, before I gave you Mr. Sebor's name, as having been a witneſs to them, to conſult his recollection on the ſubject; and I have pleaſure in aſſuring you he diſtinctly remembers every circumſtance I have recited, and of which I made a memorandum at the time.

" It may be worthy of remark, that as far as my obſervation went, the ſwallows totally diſappeared on the 24th of Auguſt, 1798; for during the remainder of that year I did not ſee one."

CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH SOLDIERS.

[From A. Riem's Travels through Holland in the Years 1796 and 1797.]

AS the Batavian chiefly delights in ſleeping, eating, drinking, and ſmoking his tobacco, and now and then, by way of interlude, in ſaying his prayers; it is very natural that he ſhould view with abhorrence whatever interrupts his tranquil courſe of life. He thus becomes unfit for the hardy deeds of war, and the painful toils and cares attendant on it, and hates it for the ſake of his dear corporeal gratifications and pleaſures. If to this we add, that a war in which he takes part, in a direct manner attacks his private intereſt, by interrupting the uſual courſe of trade, his diſinclination to war, and deſire to remain in a continual ſtate of neutrality, will eaſily be accounted for.

Nations who have fallen into ſo great a deſuetude of war, as was the caſe with the Dutch, neceſſarily degenerate in this reſpect. In former times the Batavians were one of the braveſt among the nations of Europe. The events of the years 1787 and 1794, however, have ſhewn that they are ſo no longer. After their wide-extending commerce had enriched them, they adopted the pernicious cuſtom of committing the execution of all military operations to foreign mercenaries, whom they took into their pay. Thus the warlike ſpirit of the people was totally extinguiſhed; and cowardice and want of enterpriſe might naturally be expected in ſoldiers, who, unuſed to bear arms, and to bend to a rigorous diſcipline, undertook the defence of their country, when attacked by an army of well-diſciplined troops. The moſt important fortified places ſurrendered, if ſummoned by only twelve or fifteen of the enemy. All martial ardour had flown, till the republican ſpirit awoke; the Batavian legion was formed and inured to the dangers and toils of war; and the genius of Daendels triumphed over difficulties which to many other Generals might have appeared inſurmountable. The triennial enjoyment of liberty has already effected a great revolution in the character of many of the Batavians; and I am convinced, that half a year's practice in war would again change them into brave defenders of their rights and their country, ſuch as their anceſtors proved themſelves when they had ſhaken off the yoke of Spain, and were ſtruggling for independence.

Anſwer, by Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers, to P. Gove's Anagrammatical Rebus, inſerted October 13.

TH' initials rang'd in order true,
SALEM's the town you had in view;
The ſame, invert, twill then define,
MELAS, the hero, you'd in mind;
Eraſe the *S*, then from the ſame
A MEAL is what it next will name;
Tranſpoſe aright, with care once more,
The MALE is what you will explore;
Invert the laſt, and then I ſee
That LAME you never wiſh to be.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from G. England, Uplyme; R. Maſſett, Saltaſh; W. Saunders, jun. of Loddiſwell; W. Maddick, Rattery; G. Andrews, and W. Sherwell, of Modbury; R. Baker, and E. T. P. of Poole; Serjeant Aſh of the Exminſter Volunteers; E. Robins, St. Auſtell; R. T. of Mouſehole; W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Carey; R. Thomas, Exeter; Philom. of Teingmouth; and J. King, of Kingſbridge.

Anſwer, by Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted November 3.

THE STAR-LIGHT, Sir, without a doubt,
Will make your charade clearly out.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. England, of Uplyme; W. Sherwell, Modbury; T. Coumbe, Stonehouſe; R. T. of Mouſehole; T. Jarvis, Malborough; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; R. Thomas, Exeter; T. Taylor, Bridgewater; and W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel.

An ANAGRAM, *by G. Andrews, of Modbury.*

TO gather, if tranſpos'd with care,
A form celeſtial will appear.

An ENIGMA, *by G. England, of Uplyme.*

SAY, ye who trace the boundleſs maze,
That genial nature yields,
That pore a thouſand curious ways
Creation's ample fields.

Is there one object 'mongſt the whole
That charms the breaſt like me?
That gains to each extended pole
The like majority?

The regal liege, tho' bleſs'd with power,
My ſecret call attends;
The labouring hind towards my ſhrine
His willing footſteps bends.

To fire the hero's martial breaſt
Has oft been known my charm;
Thro' dangers thickeſt ſcenes to preſs,
" And every dire alarm."

The ſable gown, with modeſt air,
My vot'ries often prove;
And oft when fortune paints the fair
I fan the coals of love.

When timid Haſſan bent his way
From Scaraz' peaceful walls;
'Twas with intention to obey
My flame-inſpiring calls.

A buſy train, with active pen,
My laws with pleaſure trace;
When Plutus glitters at the ſtand
'Tis I that lead the chace.

Few but will give their votes for me,
And that with cheerful tone,
From the low cells of poverty
To the moſt ſplendid throne.

To aid my cauſe, to diſtant climes
My vot'ries often fly;
Break thro' the olive's Heav'n-born laws,
And midſt deſtruction die.

O'er Alpine heights that prop the ſkies,
And Scythia's virgin fields;
Where Zembla's ſilver mountains riſe—
Such charms my viſage yields.

More could I add but, Sirs, I ween
The viſionary guiſe
Long ere the preſent period's ſeen
Will faint before your eyes.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines lately written by a Young Lady of Teingmouth to her Brother, who was on the Point of leaving England.

MUCH lov'd companion of paſt hours, adieu!
Since fate now calls thee from fair Albion's ſhore;
Yet memory oft ſhall bring thee to my view,
And fancy paint thee, when thou'rt ſeen no more.

I bid farewell! But O the ſolemn ſound
With chilling ſadneſs vibrates on my ear;
Affection weeps, and friendſhip mourns around,
And ſtrives, but vainly ſtrives to hide the tear.

Yet cheering hope, with fond aſpiring eye,
Thy future fame and proſpects ſets in view;
Yet hope's deluſions griefs like our's defy,
And the heart lingers long—to ſay adieu!

And tho', my brother! you are no longer nigh
To witneſs ſcenes which ever muſt be dear;
O greet my abſent ſpirit with a ſigh!
O give to nature all ſhe claims—a tear.

And many a night, when tempeſts ſwell the main,
This breaſt will throb with agonizing fears,
Leſt death ſhould part us ne'er to meet again,
Whilſt every danger love can form appears.

Then, wing'd with faith, my pray'rs for thee ſhall riſe,
That thou may'ſt 'ſcape the dangers of the deep;
Whilſt on thy head, perhaps, the inclement ſkies
Pour forth their fury, while we calmly ſleep.

Thy virtuous heart, when dangers preſs around,
Shall meet the ſtorm with courage undiſmay'd;
Since guilt nor conſcience can thy boſom wound,
And virtue ever is by death repaid.

On you, perhaps, in many a wintry night,
The ſtorms of rain or ſnow will often beat;
Or in far diſtant climes, with freſh delight,
Of abſent friends the gladſome tidings greet.

Yet fancy oft ſhall form the wiſh'd for hour,
(Tho' now from ſcenes of ſocial joy you roam)
When fond affection ſhall exert his pow'rs,
And love ſincere ſhall bid you welcome home.

Oft to remembrance ſhall paſt hours recall
Thy former acts of kindneſs bring to view;
Yet in affection I repaid them all—
Elſe why this anguiſh when I bid adieu?

O Edmund!

O Edmund! nature is alone ſincere;
Art may belye the feelings of the ſoul;
May breathe the ſigh, may ſhed deceitful tears—
A ſiſter's love is far beyond controul.

Accept my love! Accept theſe ſimple lays!
That come unfeign'd, ſpontaneous from my heart;
When ſole ambition is a brother's praiſe,
To be remember'd, ſince we're doom'd to part.

Teignmouth, 1800.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On LEAVING *the* COUNTRY.

HILARIA! adieu to thy peaceful retreat!
Where nature her gifts has diſplay'd;
No more to thy groves ſhall I fly from the heat,
Or haſte o'er the meadows my Laura to meet,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers array'd.

How oft when the moon in her grandeur aroſe
Have I wander'd in ſilence along!
While ſoftly in murmurs the rivulet flows,
My limbs on ſome bank I would gently repoſe,
And hear the ſweet nightingale's ſong.

No longer to me is this ſolitude known,
Its pleaſures, alas! are no more;
The rural content from my preſence is flown,
And buſtle, and noiſe, and confuſion alone,
Reſound like the waves on the ſhore.

But why ſhould I mourn the decrees of my Lord,
Or noiſe and confuſion lament;
If I truſt in my God, and rely on his word,
My peace and my joy will be ever inſur'd,
And my ſoul will be bleſt with content.

CONSTANTIUS.

SONNET *to the* OAK.

EMBLEM of honeſt worth, majeſtic tree,
Thy country's glory, and the foreſt's pride;
Full oft has friendſhip carv'd thy knotted ſide,
And found a faithful regiſter in thee.

Unlike the ſoppiſh flower that rears its head,
When the proud ſun from Cancer flings his rays;
The firſt chill blaſt of autumn frowns it dead,
Blights all its ſweetneſs, and its form decays.

While pelting winter, from the frigid pole,
In vain aſſaults thy time-defying form;
Thy branches brave the ſeaſons as they roll,
Enjoy the ſunſhine, and endure the ſtorm
Alike the chaſte and philoſophic mind,
Which no misfortunes permanently bind.

CIVIS.